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Bluet
And Other Poems



BY
MARY A. BUTTLES



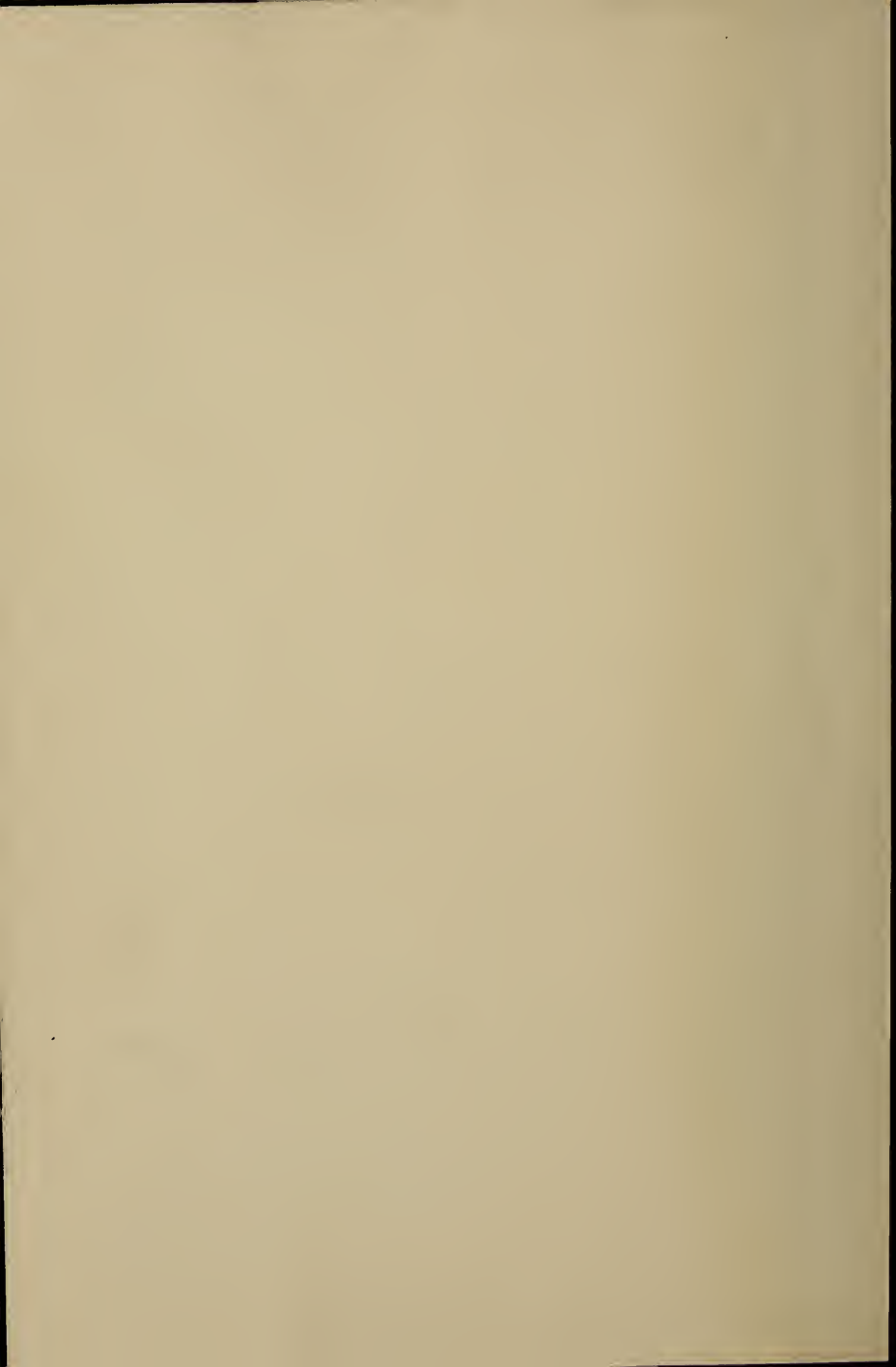
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Blues And Other Poems



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MARY A. BUTTLES

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MARY A. BUTTLES

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Dedicated
to
H. M. S.



BLUETS, AND OTHER POEMS

Bluets

Up on the hill in an old fence corner,
Close to the road and the tall pine tree,
Sheltered from winds and caressed by the sun-
shine,
Millions of bluets are growing for me.

Facing straight to the sky above them,
Trust they portray, and a courage untold;
There one may rest for he never could weary,
Watching the carpet of color unfold.

Down in the street there are countless noises,
Drays go crashing and whistles blow,
But, spite of them all, I have had my moment—
Dreamed I was back where the bluets grow.

BLUEETS, AND OTHER POEMS

The Quest

Beyond the bounds of Heart's Desire there lies
A land of radiant morns and sunlit skies;
Of promises fulfilled and hopes come true,
A land where all your ships come home to you.

You'll find this haven at the rainbow's end,
And toward it all our lifetime's journeys tend.
It's flooded with the rainbow's every hue
The blue of faith, the red of love proved true,
The violet tints of joy profound and still,
The sunkissed colors that we grasp at will.

It may be you have one day known this land,
Have beached your ships upon its golden strand.
It may be you have glimpsed it just ahead,
So near its radiance on your path is shed.

If you have lost, or if you've still to gain,
There is no grief so sad, no bitter pain
So hard but it is worth the utmost strife
To win—or find again—this land of life.

Sometimes my feet have touched the rainbow
land,
And once I held the rose-red in my hand,

BLUETS, AND OTHER POEMS

And hope to be and memories that are past,
Make strong my heart and hold my vision fast;
I do not know how it shall be, or when—
But I shall find the rainbow's end again.



A Message

Before me stood a great black cross of Christ,
Bleak symbol of His overwhelming shame,
Its gaunt arms mutely calling men to bear
Their crosses, uncomplaining, in His name.

Yet, while I gazed, they seemed to take on form,
To clothe themselves in flesh—strong,
shapely, fair,
The cross itself to change to human shape,
And I could see His Presence, dimly, there.

Not shamed and humbled, beat upon and
mocked,
But full transfigured with a welcoming light—
Not witness of earth's sorrow, borne in dark,
But joy triumphant bringing day to night!

BLUETS, AND OTHER POEMS

And all His glory seemed to hide the pain,
And endless victory drive the grief away,
For outstretched arms o'erspread a weary
world—

“I give you life abundant,” seemed to say.

And then I knew His message unto men
Is not a thing of woe and moaning, tears,
But hope all-powerful, conquering grief and
pain,
And songs of victory sounding down the years.

The crosses come, we know, O God! how many,
But let them make it possible to say,
“Thy grace has led through failure e'en to
triumph
Through Friday's night to blessed Easter
Day!”



The Unattained

Long time ago, I found a distant star—
A goal of high ambition,—great desire,
A hope to strive toward—ever finding far—
To which I might not reach, but still aspire.

BLUETS, AND OTHER POEMS

The waters of defeat oft closed around,
But steady still the light shone over me.
The winds and storms of life my heart has found,
But constant in its course my star I see.

A something to look up to—never gain,
A something to uplift and bless and lead,
A fixed, compelling force, which I would fain
See still beyond me for my utmost need.

Each foe o'ercome, of sorrow or of self,
Each new defeat of trial or of pain,
Yet leaves me glad that fast my vision holds
A distant star—which I may not attain.



Back to Christ

World-weary and saddened your face is,
World-tired and seared are your eyes,
You look out over smoke-laden spaces,
You look up into dull, leaden skies.
Are you tired of the getting of "values"?
Do you weary of gold-seeking strife?
Get back to the values God gives you,
"Back to Christ" is the watchword of life.

BLUETS, AND OTHER POEMS

Have you looked for the world-warming sunshine?

Have you seen the new buds on the trees?
God's springtime is flooding the willows,—

Have you tried to make your life like these?
Look again at the lives that lie near you;

There are men that are virile and true,
There are women whose hearts are God-given,
There are people unselfish,—are you?

"Back to Christ" is your need, you who sorrow,
There alone is there ease from your pain;

"Back to Christ" is your slogan, world-workers,
God gives you ambition again!

Come back to the peace of His guidance,

Come back to the joy of His rest,

There's no inspiration so blessed

As that His approval has blest.

Give your service as God gives His sunshine,
As the rose gives her beauty, unasked;

Give your love back to Christ as He gave it,

Let your face show His presence, unmasked.

"Back to Christ"! Let your whole life give witness,

Give your clasp firm to His outstretched palm,
And when life's day draws near to its closing,

His sunset shall bring your life calm.

BLUEETS, AND OTHER POEMS

Assurance

Sometime when you and I were far asunder,
I watched the evening star illume the west;
And, lonely for you, I would stand and wonder
If you, too, watched, and knew, and loved me
best.

And yet I could not know on what earth pathway
Your steps were guided—what your life might
be,

What friends might hold you, new desires pos-
sess you,

To keep you from the old sweet tryst with me.

Last night I saw the daylight fade, and darkness
Prepare the sky to let my love-star rise,—
And then I knew, I knew, though Death has
claimed you,

You watched with me,—and smiled into my eyes.



The Militant Heart

Who falls o'ercome, and struggles up anew,
Who never sees defeat, whate'er the blow,
Who smiles through tears and straightway lifts
his load—

He cannot know despair or failure know.

BLUE TS, AND OTHER POEMS

The day may find you weak and prone to bow
Your weary head beneath the storms of fate
But lifted eyes alone can see the light,
And sweetest blessings for your day may wait.

Then straighten shoulders, face with level gaze
The marching hours, or little blessed, or much,
The darkest day may close with radiance, caught
From some sweet word, or understanding touch.



An Insistent Call

I have wandered away
With my thoughts to-day,
As a homesick heart may do,
And I've tramped again,
Over marsh and fen,
To the hills of misty blue.

Again I have stood
At the edge of the wood,
And watched for a venturous deer,
And I've baited my hook
By the dark Ayres brook,
Where the weeds grow tall and queer.

BLUETS, AND OTHER POEMS

I have found the tree
Where a wild queen bee
Had ordered her fairy comb;
And I've crept with care
To the old stump where
A warbler had built her home.

Though I open my eyes
And the strident cries
Come up from the busy street,
My heart still thrills
To the call of the hills
And a wind that is high and sweet.



Cherished Hours

Though your heart be heavy with unshed tears,
And you've lost what you treasured dear,
You haven't the right to forget the years
When the light of your joy shone clear.

You mourn the happiness life could yield,
But, oh, what a desolate sweep
Your eyes would meet on memory's field,
If you had no joy to weep!

BLUETS, AND OTHER POEMS

Then sing, strong heart, for the joy you've had,
Since nothing can take away
The hours you knew when your heart was glad,
In the time of your perfect day.



For Remembrance

Velvety-petaled, deep-centered with gold,
Purple-hued pansies a face enfold,
Softly caressing, in tenderness hold,—
And the face is the face of You!

Birds swift winging across the sky,
Flinging their melody heaven-high,
Bear my heart on their wings as they fly,
For the song is a song of You!

Clouds piled high in the glowing west,
Lit by the sun as he sinks to rest,
Memories bring of a love that was best,—
And deep in the hearts of them, You!

BLUETS, AND OTHER POEMS

Understanding

There's a murmur and stir in the top of the tree,
And the little green leaves tremble, dear,
They say it's the wind, but my heart whispers me
'Tis the sound of your voice that I hear.

A perfume is wafted across the wide field,
There are flowers profuse blooming there,
They tell me that sweet is the perfume they
yield—
But I know it's the breath of your hair.

We stood where the wind flung the blooms as it
blew,
"The petals are falling," they said,
And, caressing, they dropped all about, but I
knew
'Twas the touch of your hand on my head.



Steadfast

The little brook that's born in woodland hollows,
Let's nothing its obstruction be,
It finds its course, and having found it, follows
Until it meets the sea.

BLUETS, AND OTHER POEMS

The rose looks ever where the sun is shining,
And though its sun may set,
The beauty of to-morrow's sun divining,
It sheds its fragrance yet.

You've neared your promised land, but on its
borders,
You're halted—then, ideals, stand true,
Some day the long-desired marching orders
Must come, will come, to you.



A Day of Hope

How can I, sitting here alone with Grief,
Endure the glad acclaim of Christmas Day?
A "merry" Christmas? Oh, what mockery
When blinding tears are welling, and I pray
For strength to keep from dawn until the night,
And sleep to tide me till the morning come,
For strength to face a new day's bitterness,
And every new remembrance drives home
some
Fresh shaft of agony one hour forgot.
Can I say "Merry Christmas" with a heart
As leaden with my sorrow as tho' joy
Were not in all my memories a part?

BLUETS, AND OTHER POEMS

Ah, yes, dear sorrowing soul, you can look up,
You can meet each new day with hopeful
smile.

Have you forgotten, then, that Christ was born
To give you hope of those you "lost awhile"?
'Tis His day, He who triumphed over death
And gave a hope of life where, some dear day,
A sun will rise for you and never set—
A sky arched o'er with blue—nor dark, nor
gray.

You've lost a handclasp, missed the human touch
That made this world a place with joy replete;
But Christ was born, and you will find again
The love and comradeship that made life
sweet.



Aftermath

Standing 'mid roses fragrant in the dew,
(And every rose a message, dear, of you)]
I fill my 'arms in ecstasy,
For all the world is glad to me,
As rose-hued garden paths I wander through.

BLUETS, AND OTHER POEMS

Out on the high-road glaring in the sun,
My fragrant, dew-kissed roses, one by one,
 Wither, and fall beside the way,
 While I, in sombre-eyed dismay,
Behold my empty arms, my life-dream done.

In shadowed paths, the sunlight sifting through,
And flecks, between the leaves, sometimes of
 blue,
 'Neath maples' still, cathedral lines,
 Or brushing past sweet-smelling pines,
My flowers of memory bloom again—for you.



Sentinel

Perhaps God thinks you strong enough to wait—
To stand on guard when Death unbars the gate.
And guide the faltering steps of those who go
Into the darkness—those who love you so!
Although you fain would turn and enter, too,
You still must face the work you have to do.
And stand beside the gate till all have passed.
And you are free to follow them at last.
Then count yourself, beyond your dear ones,
 blest
That you may hold the light for all the rest.

BLUETS, AND OTHER POEMS

Notre Dame, Montreal

Its vaulted nave lifts up to heaven,
Each shimmering space strains upward, too,
The countless prayers of souls long shriven
Whisper, the vast brown arches through.
These stones,—how many feet have pressed
them!

What hearts with grief and sorrow bent
Have bowed them here, and priests have blessed
them,—

Faint hearts, of will and courage spent!
And still, in quiet strength uplifting,
Oblivious, too, of storm or calm,
Though nations change, dominions shifting,
This altar echoes prayer and psalm.
I kneel in thrilled imagination
Beside the countless throng long years
Forgot, save in priests' invocation,
And some strange hurt invokes hot tears.
The heart lifts up—a spell compelling,
The aspirations, hopes, ideals
Of all the years come surging, swelling,
Till my soul exaltation feels.

In all that changes, turns, and shifts us,
This sacred pile that mocks at Time
Gives purpose to a faith that lifts us
From level wastes to heights sublime.

BLUETS, AND OTHER POEMS

The Pattern

My life is a carpet of strange design,
The colors, some sombre, some gay,
A part of the threads are coarse—part fine,
And part of it's worn away.
The pattern is crude and full of defects,
With much of it spoiled, I fear,
But there's one fair weave where the sunlight
flecks,—
And that's where you wove, my dear.

Perhaps, as the work goes down the years,
There'll be some good pattern there,
And the life that's wrought from smiles and
tears,
Can never be wholly bare,
But whatever of fair or true design
The last of the work may be,
There'll be none more beautiful, heart of mine,
Than the threads you wove with me.

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